of life. No more can he hope by a few weeks of cram to gain the culture that comes only to the persistent student.

OUR MISSIONARY IN HAVANA.

I have just returned from a very delightful visit to the island of Cuba, queen of the Antilles. Many of the readers of THE CHURCHMAN will at once appreciate my enthusiasm at the beauty and charm of such an experience, for they, too, have realized the pleasure of this unique trip. Even the European tourist, wearied with what becomes at times the monotony of novelty; as he journeys from town to city and from one country to another—even he will find in the tropical West Indies, in Havana and Matanzas, and down at the plantation centres, enough that is peculiarly strange to rouse the small residuum of enthusiasm and zeal he may have. But I do not propose to occupy my space with narrations of incident and opinion, which I might tell *con amore*. I have really a more serious task in the shape of duty to perform in the interest of our holy Church and her representative work in Cuba. The Rev. C. H. Strong, rector at Stratford, Conn., accompanied me, and has agreed that the community at large should be informed thus publicly of the services of our devoted missionary, the Rev. Edward Kenney, who, I believe, is the only Protestant clergyman on this vast island, and who alone, and one might properly say, without support or encouragement, carries on his undertaking in large faith and in the fear of God. It may not prove uninteresting if I give a brief account of the surroundings and work of this pioneer of the Church.

It is more than five years since a committee of the House of Bishops sent Mr. Kenney to Cuba. To begin a zealous service under the immediate auspices and with the seal of the Episcopate set upon his special venture, seemed to the young priest an all-sufficient guarantee of success, so far as support and ecclesiastical protection was concerned. As he himself naively characterizes the case, "I am the Bishops' own missionary." It was no easy or holiday sinecure that had been undertaken. What opposition he met with at the outset from the Jesuits and clerics was checked by the frowning presence of the guns of our ships of war, and by the liberal folds of the stars and stripes, until a footing, prudent and proper, was firmly made for the planting of the Cross. Any and every kind of local prejudice must be overcome, not alone among the natives, but, strange to say, among American and English and German residents, who were already acclimated in habit as well as sanitarily. The man sent out by the House of Bishops was equal to the emergency, and with admirable caution, and yet with firmness, determination, and in the spirit of self-denial, he steadily built up an influence and a substantial work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

For more than five years has this service been quietly and zealously carried on, and to-day the results are manifest to all who examine into the subject. Havana is one of the most immoral and irreligious of cities. The climate not only enervates the physical system, but it weakens and affects the spiritual nature. Dissoluteness, licentiousness, and an utter disregard for the laws of purity and virtue, characterize the inhabitants. This is more or less true of all tropical sections; it is largely the case in the interesting and beautiful city where Mr. Kenney is at work. To give religious incentive and spiritual direction to our own countrymen, and to English and German residents; to hold up the Cross of Christ to the view of those who are children of the kingdom; to proffer priestly help, and a friendly encouragement, through the offices and services of holy Church—these have been among the aims toward which he has striven. And he has in this regard succeeded, for on a beautiful Lord's day, although the shops and bazars and offices were open, and trade was being prosecuted, and although there were merry-makings and dissipation and alluring attractions to draw the mind of the creature away from his Creator, yet we and nearly a hundred of our own nationality made our way up the marble staircase of the Hotel San Carlos, and in the long and cool parlors we gathered for prayer and praise and public instruction. How refreshing and delightsome were the petitions and chants of our dear Church; how they soothed and calmed and blessed the whole nature; and as we lifted our hearts and voices, thanksgiving was the voluntary impulse given to our words.

These religious services in Havana through the year are a wonderful protection and guard to the American and English residents, and if they were the only actual work accomplished, I am satisfied they would more than repay the effort and the expense. But how much more is being accomplished. On the evening of Sundays Mr. Kenney goes out to some appointed ship or steamer lying at anchor in the roadstead, and accompanied by a band of faithful friends, he gives services full of interest and benefit to the sailors who gladly gather on deck for such a privilege. They all know this good and devoted friend; they all respect him and are confident of his sincerity and his real interest in them; and to hear their testimony to his faithfulness and zeal is more than sufficient proof of the sort of work he does. But he does not stop here. During several months of the year, from June to October, the yellow fever and *vomito* rage in this port. Before Mr. Kenney started his mission, our sailors and countrymen were poorly and improperly cared for. They were at the mercy of a not over-humane lot of Spanish nurses; and when they died in agony, their bodies were stripped of clothing, and with many others cast naked into a trench, like dogs, for burial. With commendable ability our earnest clergyman secured the control of a large hospital; introduced his own rules and plans of work; and renovated and properly prepared it for the reception and care of all American, English, or foreign patients. He himself ministers to their spiritual and bodily necessities; prepares the dying for death; decently shrouds and coffins the body; and, with the offices of the Church, buries the poor unfortunate in a proper grave. Said one of our popular sea captains to me, "Sir, no one knows the good that man has wrought!" But still again. Mr. Kenney has started a mission at Matanzas, seventy miles to the west, and after the morning service at Havana he takes the train, arriving at his destination in time for a vesper service and sermon in that beautiful seaport. In this place he has a Sunday-school, and much interest has been excited in what he has planned and projected. By a providential opening of the door, he has also secured the entire spiritual control and direction of one of Cuba's large plantations. More than six hundred souls are thus placed in his ministerial charge and keeping, and he is at a loss and bewildered to know how he can serve this new and interesting constituency.

A published statement was made last year, and the figures therein contained are in themselves sufficient proof of the service already accomplished, and of the needs of the present and the future. But still he works on alone in that great missionary field, solitary in the midst of a vast population, and almost unaided and forgotten of his mother Church here in the States? Can we wonder if he be discouraged at times, as, cut off from the choice privileges of home and culture and Christian opportunity, he longs for friendly aid and fraternal support? Our hearts and sympathies are all with him, for we have seen the actual condition of our mission and our missionary in the beautiful island of Cuba.

My object in sending this communication for publication in THE CHURCHMAN is to bring this matter prominently before the community at large, to stimulate if possible some *direct* and *material interest* in the work presided over by Mr. Kenney, and to help the Bishops out of an obligation which rests upon the whole Church. This work, as already stated, is peculiarly the outgrowth of a large and generous missionary spirit on the part of the Bishops who so willingly and gladly gave it their sanction; but the *support* and *furtherance* of the same belong to the Churchmen of the United States, whose contributions and earnest indorsement will make assured and perpetual the operations whose foundations are already so carefully and so skilfully laid, with the blessing of the great Head of the Church.

W. A. LEONARD.

VARIATIONS IN THE SERVICES.

Law always offsets law in perfect equipoise. If not in duality the truth is always of two halves, and if either half tries to work alone some friction jars the system, and from some quarter there is an outcry.

We magnify order. In comparison with our neighbors we all know this is our strong side. But close to conscious strength is apt to lurk a subtle weakness. Events are constantly transpiring which teach that order stands not only in rule but in freedom. The reign of law is honored in diversity as well as in uniformity. In all the kingdoms of life, that of faith not excepted, these two principles are maintained in perpetual harmony. Indeed, without variation harmony could not be, for there would be no notes to make it. The ideas of unity and multitude are always correlate and interdependent. It is therefore unphilosophical and practically mischievous to associate variety with disorder, or to mistake multiformity for confusion. The orchestra does not lose music by leaving monotony.

If God has shaped no two visible forms in the universe exactly alike, and if the Christian religion is sacramental, *i. e.*, has an outward as well as interior part, then it must present diversity. Of spiritual bodies we have no conception as without outlines; of heaven none without place; of the "new song" none without modulations. In the Church, provided there is to be administration there must be differences, as St. Paul declared; without them the "service," *opus, leiturgia*, is impossible. Christianity is an embodiment. Probably there is no individual unit in existence so marvellously diversified as the human body; no organism so complicated; no whole of so many different parts. Now, of all the ways in which the Infinite One might communicate Himself to mankind, He took the body of a man. The moment this universal religion was committed to that Son of Man, not as its mere vehicle but as its essential and living issue from eternity into time, two facts were forever fixed; one that the kingdom of God on the earth must be an organized, corporate, and constitutional thing; the other that it must partake of the variety inherent in a vital creature so organized. Monotheism is the principle of all Christian unity; the Trinity of all Christian diversity. In the Incarnation we have much more than heaven once opened, or God once manifest in flesh; we have the everlasting type and fount of all that the life of God among men must forever be, the pattern of Christendom, the norm of worship, the working plan of the

Faith, the law as well as the life, the method as well as the *Fons et Origo* of the Church. That is but a very feeble conception of "likeness to Christ," which would fashion His rock-founded house of breezes of emotion; and so is that which would regard His family as an aggregation of *fac-similes*. For the marriage of the bridegroom there must be a bride in whose ineffable beauty plays and lightens the mystery of colors and forms endlessly shaded and shaped, the rose of humanity, the bud of heaven, one and manifold, identical and Catholic. When the mother brings her children to the feast there will be no two alike, yet every one will disclose the unmistaken lineage. Take the notion of an invisible Church, and how can we wonder if after awhile the Church is invisible? Take the notion that the religion of the Gospel is "without form," and how can we be surprised if, like another chaos, it is "void" also? On the other hand, rigidity is sameness, and neither rigidity nor sameness is an attribute of a living, lovely creature. More than once in the Greek, Latin, and Anglican partitions, the body was stiffened by bandages and wax, and brought to the grave's edge. It was not dead; but its hard, clay-like face looked too much like death. We see sometimes a spectral piety which shines out with artificial light in the dark, and vanishes when the cock crows at break of day. But we are not left to choose between that and a metallic, religious conformity which can neither walk nor breathe at liberty. It is because the Lord is the Lord of all and the world is wide that there are differences of administration, and in no sphere where truth passes out into life can there be movement without change.

This holds of truth in doctrine, in discipline, in charitable action, in worship. So plain is it in doctrinal formularies that, beyond the unchanging creeds, theology can show us no extended statement or summary by any doctor or master so clear of the transient impressions of his age that it could continue an unchallenged and perfect standard to after generations. In discipline, shifting social conditions and phases of government and thought have created far greater mutability. In charities the variety is infinitely beautiful. But it is in ritual, partly because everybody has there a palpable concern, and has eyes, and ears, and tastes for ready critics, that the application of the great law of multiformity in unity is most exciting. It revives debate with indefatigable animation.

Suppose some particular feature of public worship is under consideration. Is it allowable? We may summon it for trial, and ask of it these questions: 1. Does it violate any canon in the Church's legislation or rubric in the Prayer Book? 2. Since the Church has committed a certain authority, beyond either of these directories, to the judgment of the Bishop, has he, being consulted, pronounced against it? 3. Is it fairly chargeable with representing error in doctrine? 4. It is to such an extent a departure from antecedent usage, which is of the nature of a compact, that it will probably produce distraction, discomfort, or division, in the devotions of the congregation? In other words are ministers and people well agreed about it? Here we seem to reach the limit of a reasonable, Christian prohibition. Beyond that, however, there is a considerable margin for lawful, reasonable, churchly diversity and liberty, and I hold that in ordinary cases authority is not right to interfere in it, and that it is inexpedient and injurious to restrict it. Diversity there is not barely permissible, it is often in the larger view a positive good. Let me mention examples. In some of our churches the practice has sprung up of a united utterance by the ministers and people of the General Thanksgiving; and I join cheerfully in that hearty form of praise. Morning Prayer and Litany being legally divisible from each other, some clergymen, on occasions, for relief I suppose, say the Litany at an afternoon service; others introduce a hymn between the two. I do not remember that I ever did either; but neither is objectionable, unless possibly on the last of the four grounds just enumerated. In some cases the Lord's Supper is administered in the afternoon. This is so removed from good precedent and from the evident intent of our ritual that it ought to be done only on the pressure of some great necessity, like the double field of a missionary; yet there it is allowed. In so solemn and weighty an outburst of adoration as the *Ter Sanctus*, in the Communion Office (which Lord Macaulay considers the most august utterance of man not found in the Bible), there are three warrantable forms. One is to divide the entire sentence between the priest and the communicants; another is for all to say it; another is to render the whole or a part by singing, as an anthem or chant. In each one of the foregoing instances, where liberty is not much disputed, there is, on several accounts, really more reason for question than there is in a common and simultaneous expression of the first supplications of the Litany, where the language given to minister and people is identical, and where the difference between one way and another is nearly a minimum of actual variation, while the effect of the union of voices is, to some worshippers at least, remarkably impressive. Another and much more marked alteration, which has quietly but effectually made its way into general custom within a few years, and has been recognized in the worship of Bishops, clergy, and laity at the General Convention, is that of rising with laudation at the reception of alms at the Offertory.

That wise minds should not prefer one or another of these practices is quite conceivable, and on definable grounds. My own position is that they belong in the region of lawful variety; that variety is so far good for the Church; and that, when the four specified tests raise no bar, it is a mistake to interfere with them. Such liberty will hurt nobody. We live where and when undue repression is not wholesome. Of course, there is a sort of mind that finds leisure and disposition to debate such points in detail in their minutest aspects, just as if the age and the world of living men had no real questions of magnitude and no matters of life and death on hand to dispose of. So it will be for a long time yet to come. There is a class of quidnunc Churchmen, scrupulous in liturgical anise and cummin, who, if they were suddenly to find themselves in the New Jerusalem, would want to know whether every one of the twelve gates had been authorized to stand open by canon or resolution of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and whether the new song was sung in Bishop Hobart's time, and whether the amens of the multitude that no man can number came in according to Wheatley, vicar of Brent. Bishop Hobart was a Churchman of ideas—common-sense always among them—and *not* of farthing rush-lights; as you must have reflected if you have first read his sermons and speeches, and then seen the odd architectural compositions he encouraged timid vestries to put up for churches, that he might lead the people one step forward toward reverence, and yet prevent their refusing to be led forward at all. He knew as well as Archbishop Bramhall, the stout antagonist of Hobbes, that "different opinions do not make different religions," and that freedom in Christ is a better law than the fatal "necessity" of nature. At the late consecration of the Bishop of Truro at St. Paul's, London, Canon Lightfoot preached convincingly on that elastic adaptation of the Gospel of the kingdom to diverse and changing times, whereby it finally makes all kingdoms its own, becoming Greek to Greeks, Roman to Romans, Saxon to Saxons. About the same time, at a great missionary meeting, Canon Westcott protested intelligently against the futile theory that ethnic peoples must be anglicized when they are converted, arguing that every nation must assume its own type of Christian development. Positions comprehensive as these, taken by such men, reassure us that the most generous thought is perfectly reconcilable with strict loyalty to the Creed and to Scripture.—*From Bishop Huntington's Convention Address.*

MR. MOODY IN BOSTON.

The work in which Mr. Moody has been engaged in the chief city of New England is ended. It is even yet too early to estimate results among people whose essential characteristic is the demand for a reasonable belief, but such a movement has certain aims and is to be judged by general principles. It was an effort to excite to religious enthusiasm the vast number who are almost hopelessly in the social undertow and practically to carry Christianity in its rudiments to those who, for one reason or another, have grown up beyond and outside of its positive influence. Herein lies the strength of Mr. Moody's work in the great cities, and herein it deserves high commendation for its well-meant measures to gather in the unreached. His addresses are intended for these people, are down to their level, and are colored with the sympathy which they need. Never did man gauge his audience better than Mr. Moody. While he might disgust a cultivated congregation by his unusual and often rough sayings, he meets the unrest ignorance of the masses with a plainness and a fitness of the words and thoughts to the capacity of the people to receive them to which educated men aspire in vain; and, whatever may be his theology, his common-sense views of life and religion are precisely what the multitude want to hear and know.

Mr. Moody, therefore, has everywhere certain advantages for success. He found them in Great Britain, in his grand Wesleyan tour; he had them in New York and Philadelphia; and they have not failed him in Boston. Such efforts as his convert the drunkard, silence the profane, teach the careless to pray, set the multitude to thinking, and introduce the leaven of a new life where everything before was dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Changes are wrought for the moment, perhaps for a longer time, in hundreds of lives. The people whom he can reach desire to be reached, in fact are always waiting for men like Mr. Moody to appear. Here is the centre of Mr. Moody's work, here are the people whom he can move, here is the arena in which he wins his victories. Nobody expected him to convert Mr. Wendell Phillips, or the radical Mr. Abbot of the *Index*, or to check the literary free-thinking of Boston, and he has done nothing of the kind. Probably he has to some extent moved the middle class. The different evangelical denominations must have received a quickening impetus in their religious societies throughout Massachusetts. The railroads, the restaurants, the cheap boarding-houses, even the merchants of Boston, have no doubt done an excellent business for the season, and quite a movement of various kinds has gone through society.

But the results, positive as they no doubt are, and real in hundreds of cases, and such